Popcorn

Nobody Beats The Beats

Let's go
I'm the man but I don't need an anchor
You wanna get fly meet me at the hanger
You wanna pop, pop champagne
Boy met the world but I got Topanga
I beat it up like danga, danga, danga
So slick on the track, Paul Anka
What you sour for, you got a canker?
Don't hate I don't need that anger
Put in the air like partridges
Get blown like Nintendo cartridges
And we smoke the whole thing, no portioning
'Cause we came up from orphans to fortunate
Now we're back in your face like cortisone
Buck's blunt the size of a cordless phone
The beat keep's knocking but no one's home
We blow up the stage then tour the showMmm, I bet you like that, huh
Feet up on your chair, you like that, uh
Weed in the air, you like that, uh
Don't stare; we don't like that, nah
Hmm, I bet you like that, huh
Feet up on your chair, you like that, uh
Weed in the air, you like that, uh
Don't stare; we don't like that, nahNo, ha ha, it's just crazy
It's like, it's like rum and coke for my ears
Bellemont style, just smooth
Hi Facebook, ha ha
Take that

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